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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 246.—Vol. XIX [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 19, 1908 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

YOUNG AMERICA IN LONDON

Miss Margareta Drexel, the débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Drexel, who are among the richest Americans in London Society

No. 246.—Vol. XIX

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Wednesday, August 19, 1908

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions

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All Applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publisher, THE GRAPHIC OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.
Paris Office for Subscriptions and Advertisements: MARC DORMOY, 35, Rue Lafayette.
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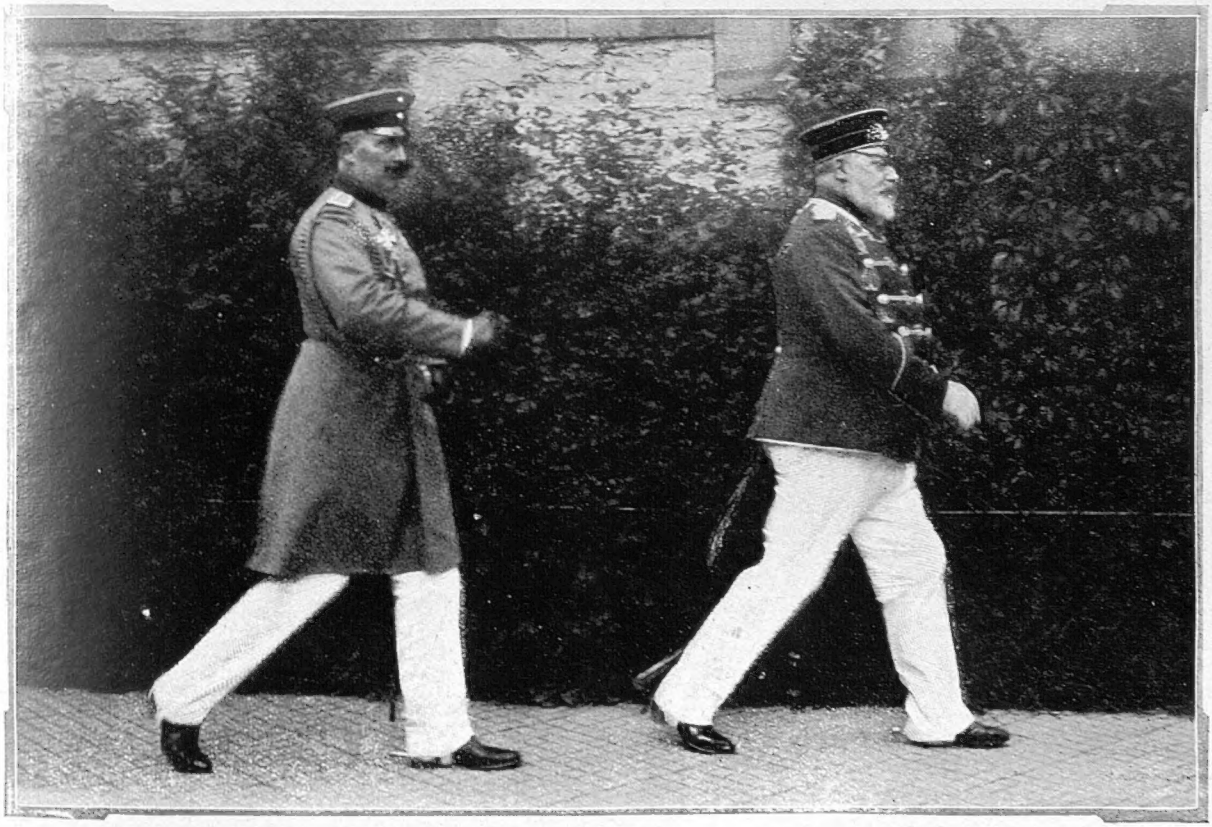
In the Cause of Peace

KING EDWARD'S VISITS TO THE TWO EMPERORS

Photo] **With Franz Joseph at Ischl: The King and the Austrian Emperor Driving through the Streets** *[Topical Agency*

The attention bestowed on the visits of King Edward and the Austrian Emperor respectively last week is a gauge of the political atmosphere. For while the King's call on the latter at Ischl, before going on to Marienbad, called forth only the compliments of the occasion, his Majesty's visit to his strenuous nephew played all sorts of tricks with the political barometer. The King's welcome to Ischl by his Imperial host was both stately and hearty, and the two monarchs drove to the Hotel Elizabeth together through crowded and decorated streets



With the Kaiser at Homburg: His Majesty, with the Emperor, Leaving the Church of St. Saviour by the Royal Private Entrance

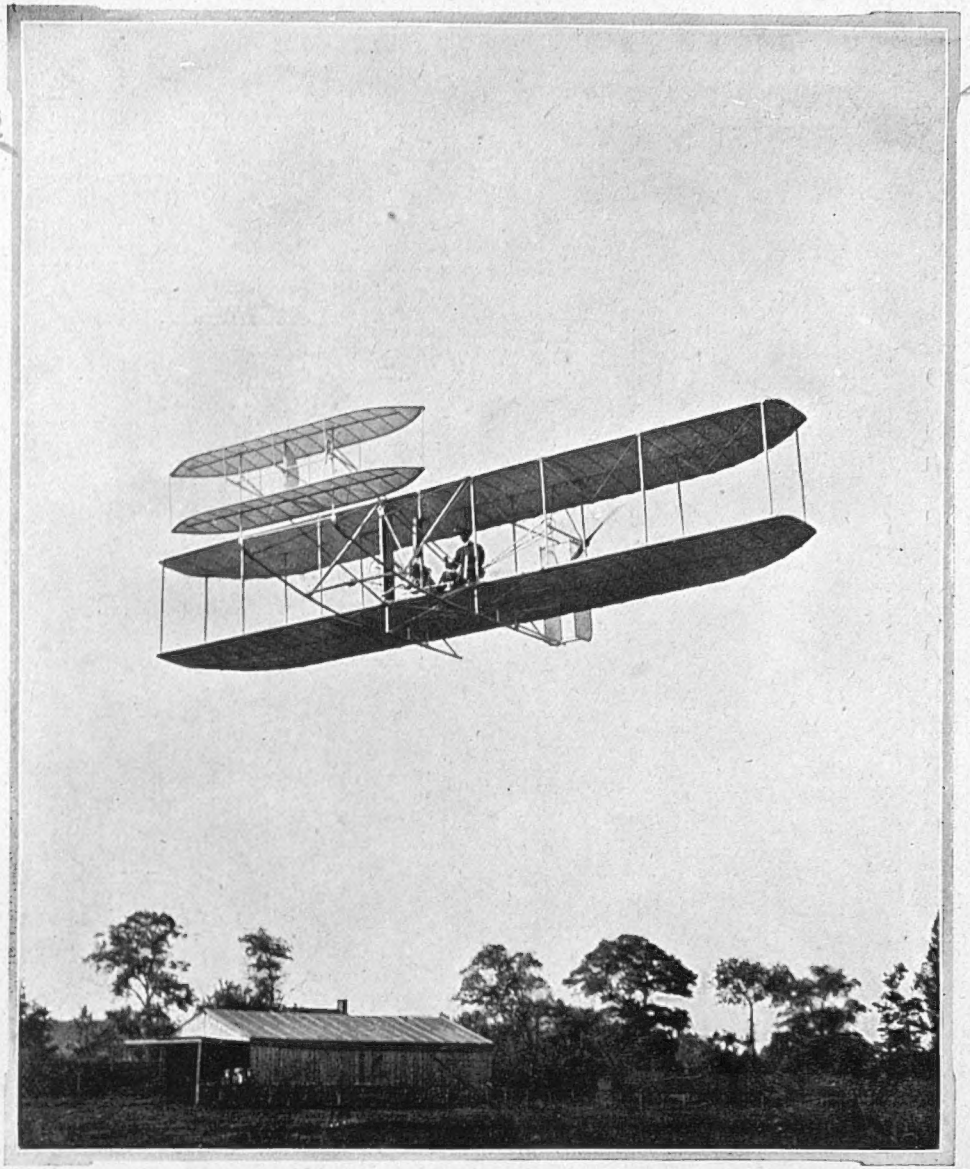
Both the King and the Kaiser were in the best of spirits when they met last week at Cronberg. From Cronberg King Edward and the Kaiser went to Homburg to unveil the monument to the Landgravine Elizabeth at the English Church and to visit the Church of St. Saviour. The meeting, whether it has diminished the tension between Anglo-German relations or not, at any rate produced one good thing, the State visit next year of the King and Queen to Berlin

Mr. Wright's Change of Air: The American and his Flying Machine in France

Photos

MR. WILBUR WRIGHT ABOUT TO MANIPULATE THE MAGIC LEVERS

Though the experiments of Mr. Wilbur Wright, who has come from America to Le Mans to conquer the air in France, have not yet converted man into a flying animal, yet they are certainly very remarkable, and have staggered other inventors who have watched the swallow-like evolutions of his aeroplane. The breaking of a wing the other day did not disturb Mr. Wright at all.



Bolak

BEFORE THE WING-BREAKING ACCIDENT: A HIGH FLIGHT AT LE MANS

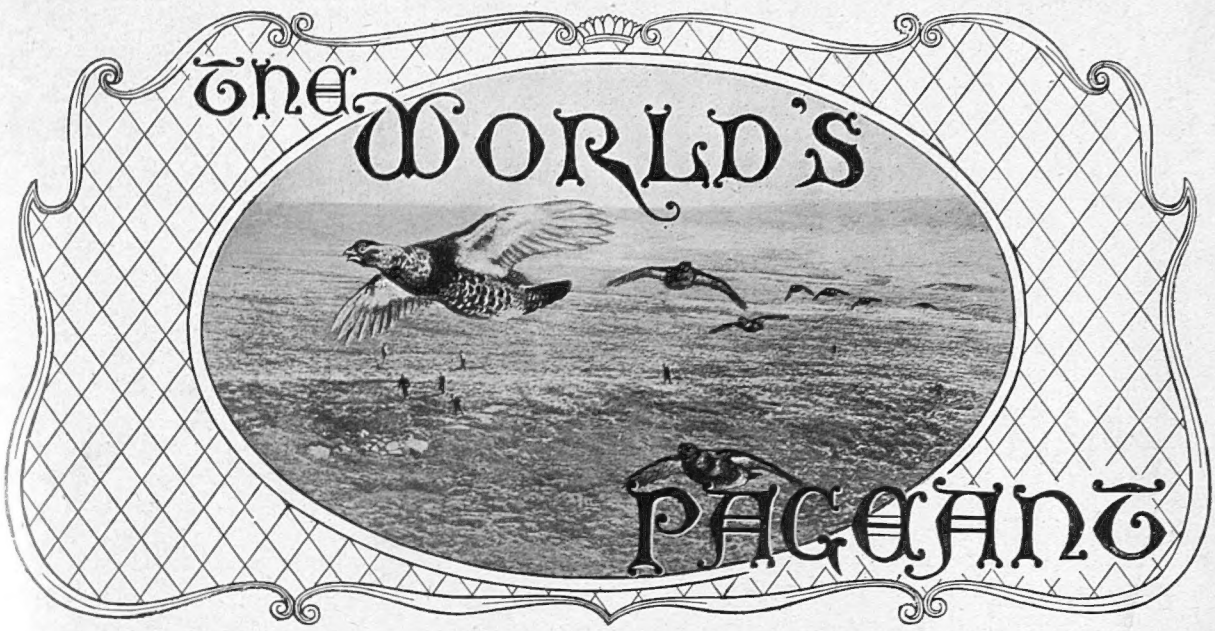


Photo *Sport and General*

Grouse! The magic word which sends us to the moors on the eleventh for "The Twelfth"

Grouse-shooting began under very favourable conditions, and the season promises to be one of the best of recent years

Oh Where, and Oh Where?

Town is conventionally "empty." The odd twenty-thousand, that is to say, who take up so much room, have scattered themselves to spend their time as their own fancy, and not fashion, dictates. Scotland, as usual, claims the heaviest "bag" of Society folk, headed by the Prince of Wales, the guest first of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, and afterwards of The Mackintosh. The Princess is to join the Prince shortly. Ireland is, however, holding its own well as a place of resort, and, of course, the watering-places, home and foreign, claim their usual quota of—I had nearly written "victims."

* * *

King Edward Abroad

All the news of the King is good. His Majesty arrived at Marienbad through a series of successes. The meeting between the Kaiser and King Edward was entirely satisfactory, although the importance which the German Press insisted upon attaching to it is rather overdone. For, after all, the meeting can have little effect on Anglo-German relations. The Naval rivalry will continue. Germany is too deeply pledged to preparations for war to stop that. As long as that rivalry goes on, so long will an *entente* be an impossibility. Meanwhile, if our relations with Germany do not improve, it will certainly be no fault of King Edward's. The two monarchs appeared bent on enjoying themselves. They motored, lunched, took tea with Frau von Grunelius, the well-known banker's wife, unveiled the memorial to the Landgravine Elizabeth at the English Church at Homburg, dined, and had a party afterwards. The Landgravine was a daughter of George III., great-aunt to King Edward, and great-great-aunt to the Kaiser. The cost of the monument

Photo] **Lord Cheylesmore at the Boys' Bisley, and Some Territorials in the Bud** [*Gibbs*

The Boys' Bisley, the creation of the National Rifle Association, has just concluded its annual week's military training at Bisley. Lord Cheylesmore, the Chairman of the Council of the N.R.A., is very much interested in schoolboy training of this kind, and was one of the officers who assisted to carry out the work of this year's camp

Mr. Winston Churchill's Engagement

has been divided between the Kaiser, King Edward, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duchess of Argyll, and several other Royal persons.

* * *

Royal Gaiety

The best of spirits prevailed, and much laughter was occasioned by the King's desire to know if, in wearing the uniform of the 5th Hussars, he really would have to don the white "unmentionables" of the Stolp Regiment. In fact, the King was very jolly, and almost *dégagé* in his manner, and, with Sir Frank Lascelles (who has been so popular in Berlin), Sir Charles Hardinge, Colonel Trench, and other prominent people, appeared to be having a good time. No less happy were the hours passed by King Edward with the venerable Emperor of Austria at Ischl. Everything was done on a magnificent scale; just a little more stately than on previous occasions were the arrangements for the Royal meeting. Sir Edward Goschen, who, as arranged by the King and the Kaiser at Cronberg, is to succeed Sir Frank Lascelles as Ambassador in Berlin, the Duke of Teck, and Sir Rudolf Slatin Pasha found the King in very good spirits. The Austrian Emperor went for the first motor drive of his life.

* * *

The "Cure"

But the really serious part of the holiday (of course!) began at Marienbad, and although the prying ones are ever to the fore, a deterrent, in the form of an order from Prince Liechtenstein, is posted up on the promenade calling upon visitors to respect the King's privacy. It is regrettable that women should be the most determined in their indiscretion. Last season a pretty blonde of the flighty order actually asked the King for his buttonhole. He gave it her, raised his hat (and his eyebrows) and moved away. By Royal wish the new croquet lawn is ready, and the usual rooms on the first floor of the Weimar are once more honoured, and, with the present fine weather, the King's "cure" should be successful. A few friends, such as the Marquise de Ganay and Princess Murat, both old acquaintances of his Majesty in Paris, are expected during the King's visit, and they will form part of the immediate circle of his Majesty's intimate friends.

* * *

The Churchill Engagement

Mr. Winston Churchill's engagement has quickly followed the marriage of his brother, Mr. "Jack" Spencer Churchill, to Lady Gwendeline Bertie, Lord Abingdon's daughter. Miss Clementine Hozier, the President of the Board of Trade's future wife, is the charming daughter of the late Colonel Sir Henry Hozier, K.C.B., the well-known Secretary at Lloyd's for many years, and a soldier of distinguished service. Her mother, Lady Blanche Hozier, is a daughter of the gallant Earl of Airlie, the unforgetable "fighting Airlie," the most daring officer of his day, who was killed at Diamond Hill, in South Africa, in 1900. Miss Hozier is, therefore, cousin of the present young Earl. Not only is Miss Hozier beautiful, but she is accomplished too, and popular. Her classic features appear to advantage with her light brown hair, and she has a slim and graceful figure. Her eyes are admired, too, for their lustrous beauty. Her interests are literary and artistic. She is a clever musician, and speaks several languages. Mr. Winston Churchill, with a brilliant record behind him, is now only thirty-four, and Miss Hozier, whose manners and little ways of speaking have a fascination all their own, is eleven years younger. She and Mr. Churchill have been acquainted some years. The marriage is announced to take place on September 15, and Mr. Churchill will take up his post as President of the Board of Trade in October. It is not too much to say that the Airlies are held sacred in Dundee—which acted so bonnily to Mr. Churchill after his Manchester defeat. Of late years Miss Hozier has lived with her mother, the handsome Lady Blanche Hozier, in Kensington, but she has passed much of her time at Dieppe. Mrs. George Cornwallis West, the bridegroom's mother, is delighted at the match.

Photo *C. Vandyk*

Miss Clementine Hozier

Who is to be married to Mr. Winston Churchill, President of the Board of Trade, next month

* * *

Grouse and Guns

The first grouse of the season (I am fain to believe) died very early on Wednesday morning last. Gentlemen of England were, presumably, still abed when the birds which made their appearance in the morning markets of London fell. The reports from the moors are, on the whole, good, though the bags reported on the opening day are by no means large. But some of the moors famous for big bags were not shot. At any rate, it is satisfactory to hear that there is very little disease. I hear, by the way, that more women's guns have been built this year than ever before, so I suppose that very modern person, the gunwoman, is on the increase.

* * *

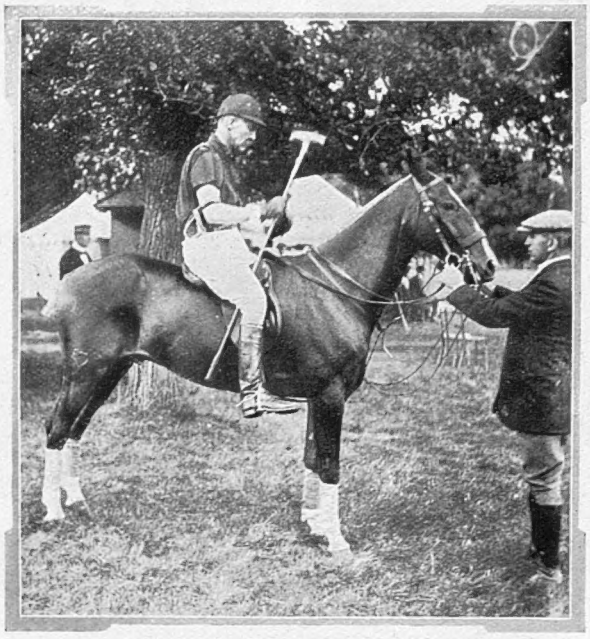
Given Away by Her Son-in-Law

By special permission of the King, the wedding of the Earl of Clarendon and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Bourke took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. It was a very quiet affair, and only near relatives were present, including Lady Edith Villiers, the only

Polo in the Provinces

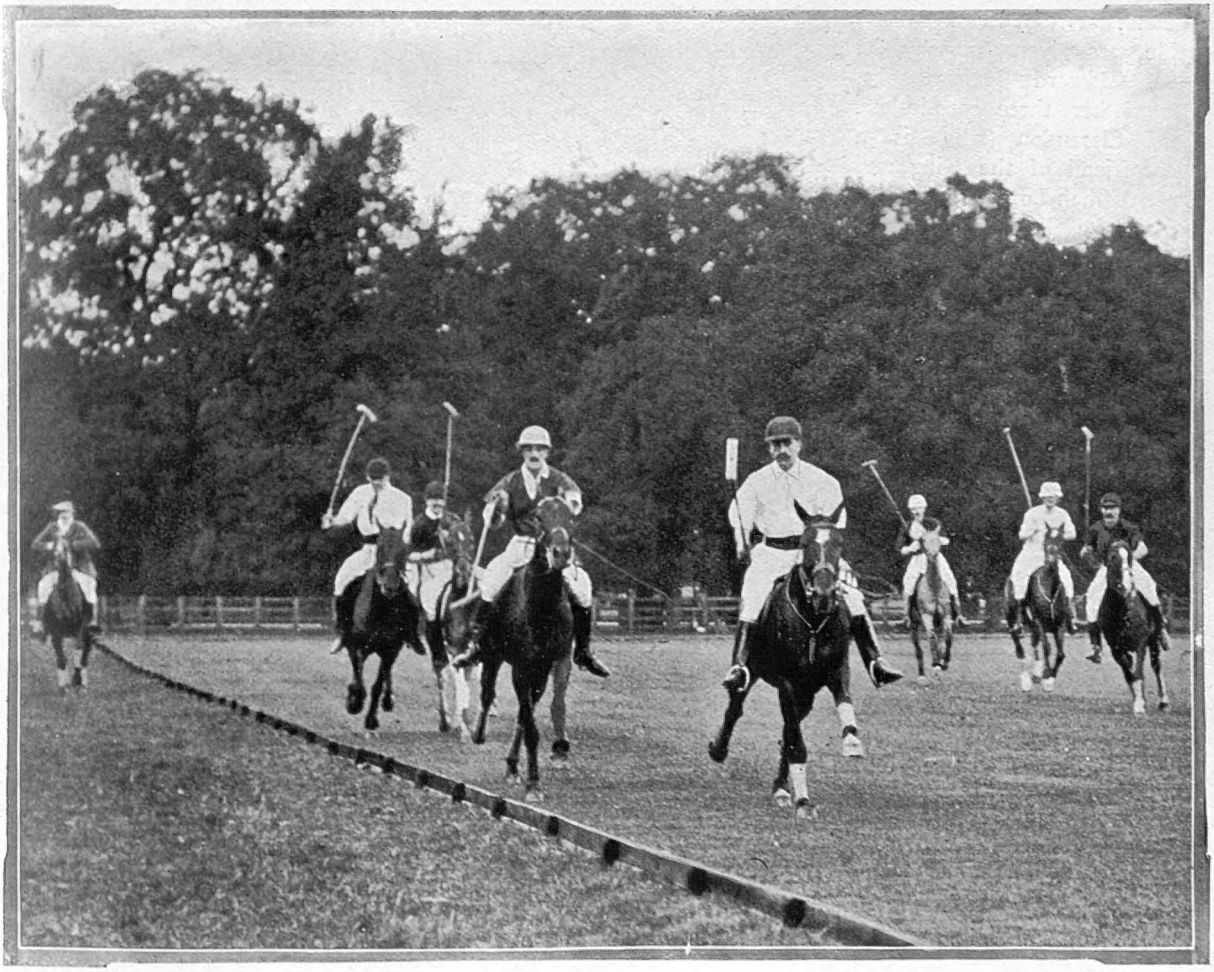
THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S INVITATION TOURNAMENT AT EATON

The Duke of Westminster Talking to the Viscountess Castlereagh



Captain E. D. Miller, the well-known member of the Rugby Team, who organised the tournament at the Duke of Westminster's invitation

The Marquis of Villavieja, the Captain of the famous Spanish Polo Team, Taking Snapshots



A Race for Possession between Mr. C. D. Miller (Roehampton) and the Duke of Peneranda (Rugby)

Polo ended in London with the season, but many of the well-known players are now appearing in matches in the Provinces or on the Continent The Eaton Tournament, which took place last week, was witnessed by the Duke and Duchess of Westminster and their house-party, among whom were the Marquis of Villavieja, Mr. George Wyndham, the Countess Grosvenor, the Hon. Cecil and Miss Parker, and Colonel Wilford N. Lloyd. The tournament included matches between Eaton and Wirral, Rugby and Eaton, Rugby and Roehampton, and Rugby and the Foxhunters

The New Order in Macedonia

Brothers Now! A Turk and Two Bulgarians Fraternising on Board a Steamboat

daughter of Lord Clarendon; while among the few intimates were the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. That smart Grenadier Guardsman and kinsman of the bridegroom, the Hon. Alexander Russell, was best man, and the bride was given away by the Hon. Edward Marjoribanks, one of her three sons-in-law. Lord Clarendon (who is a great friend of the King and Queen) when Lord Chamberlain under the late Conservative Government was always very popular. He has a less "official" manner than Lord Althorp, the present Lord Chamberlain. After their honeymoon, Lord Clarendon and his bride will return for the autumn to the bridegroom's fine seat in Essex.

* * *

From Stage to Church

Lord Clancarty has silenced the gossips by announcing his forthcoming marriage—but not to a rich American widow! The first wife of Lord Clancarty, Miss Belle Bilton, was an actress of the comedy order, and very pretty; the prospective second Countess, Miss Mary Gwatkin Ellis, however, is quite remote from such theatrical circles, being related to the Church, her mother's late husband having been a Norfolk rector.

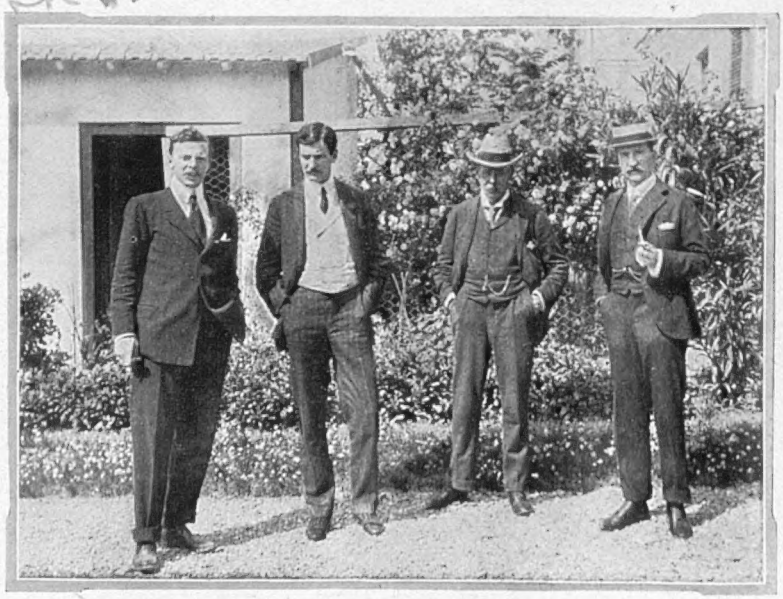
* * *

Macedonia and the Constitution

The mild Macedonian, having become a free and independent elector under the Turkish Constitution, has inscribed on his banner, "Every man his own policeman," or words to that effect. It is not, perhaps, unnatural that he should demand this elementary corollary of responsible self-government, but it is none the less inconvenient, when one remembers that the Macedoine is composed of Turks, Greeks, Serbs, Albanians, Bulgars, Patriarchs, Exarchs, and Anarchs, all of them much more bent on governing other people than on governing themselves. That, when you come to think of it, is always at the root of a Home Rule movement: witness Nationalist Ireland and the Ulstermen. The revolution of the Young Turks has, of course, put an end to the Anglo-Russian reform scheme, and though in his recent note M. Stolypin shows himself more than a little sceptical as to the permanent benefit likely to accrue from the new *régime* of which the Sultan has so light-heartedly put himself at the head, it is, of course, only proper that his Majesty's good intentions should be given a chance of materalising. Meanwhile, Colonel Bonham, the commander of the British section of the International Gendarmerie, awaits, I doubt not, in sure and certain hope, the time when his sturdy men will once more be required to undertake the maintenance of order in the Eastern Donnybrook.

His Occupation Gone: Colonel Bonham (on right) with three "Young Turks"

Colonel Bonham is Chief of the British section of the International Gendarmerie in Macedonia



Some Englishmen in Salonica who will not be quite so busy as they have been

Left to right: Col. Bonham, Mr. Du Vallon, Mr. J. D. Bourchier, Mr. R. W. Graves. Mr. R. W. Graves, C.M.G., has been Consul-General at Salonica since 1903, and is the British Representative on the Turkish Financial Commission. Mr. J. D. Bourchier is the representative of the *Times* in South-Eastern Europe [*Frederick Moore, Photos*]

Sister Princesses

DISTINGUISHED INDIAN VISITORS TO LONDON

Photo *Rita Martin*

THE TWO DAUGHTERS OF THE MAHARAJAH OF COOCH BEHAR

Princess Sukriti Deri and her sister, Princess Pretiva, who came to London for the season with their father, the Maharajah of Cooch Behar

The "Terriers'" Baptism of Fire

The Heroine of a Picture Romance and her Husband, Mr. Titcombe, en route for America

Miss Brignall, the younger of the two girls in Mr. Ralph Peacock's well-known Tate Gallery picture, "The Sisters," recently wooed and won by Mr. Titcombe, a young American engineer, who had fallen in love with the portrait, is now on her way with her husband, on board the *Empress of Ireland*, to spend her honeymoon in Canada and the States

The Dowager-Duchess of Devonshire

Louise, Duchess of Devonshire (this style seems to be preferred nowadays to the old-fashioned title of Dowager) has taken 44, Grosvenor Square, just given up by Lady Harrowby. The social gifts of the Duchess, it is, therefore, supposed, are not to he held in abeyance for a longer time than custom prescribes as the period of mourning. The Duchess has, perhaps, queened it too long to be easily content to lay down the social sceptre and live in retirement at Compton Place, Eastbourne, which her late husband left her as a home for her declining years. Of all the Cavendish places, this alone was at the Duke's disposal to bequeath as a dower house to his widow, nor, after twelve merry years or so of lavish entertainment, was there a large sum available in ready cash.

* * *

Territorials in Training

The Territorial regiments encamped for training on Salisbury Plain are allowed on all hands to have come excellently well through their baptism of fire and sword—a little better, perhaps, through the former than the latter. Sir Ian Hamilton, who had the arranging of the "show," very wisely refused all suggestions that he should devise a scheme of operations specially adapted to territorial intelligence, or stiffen them with Regulars in any way, and results justified his determination. In the battle of the Avon, the Territorials were tried pretty well, having to withstand the attack of a cavalry division led by Brigadier-General Allenby, of South African fame, and planned by Major-General Bethune, the hero of that most amusing book, "On the Heels of De Wet." General Bethune is a dashing cavalry leader by heredity. He is one of those who have grasped the possibilities of cavalry under modern conditions of warfare. Sir Ian Hamilton, summing up the whole operations, was able to say that the Territorial force "had done remarkably well."

* * *

The Young Idea

If it is to succeed, with the modest amount of training possible, it is necessary that as many boys as possible should have elementary training in soldiering. We should do all in our power to foster cadet corps. Lord Cheylesmore, indefatigable in promoting the efficiency of the Service, has been distributing prizes to cadets, and giving them a "sight of good advice" at the same time. There is no one whose advice is more entitled to respect than his.

* * *

A Boy and Girl Engagement

An engagement which appears to delight the friends and relatives of both prospective bridegroom and bride is that of young Lord Macclesfield and Miss Joanna Boyle, a daughter of Captain Boyle, who is a cousin of Lord Cork. Miss Boyle is a bright and pretty girl,

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

The Officers (*from left to right*) are: Sir Ian Hamilton, Major-General Franklin, and Major-General Bethune. Lady Hamilton is in the foreground with her back to the reader

An Alfresco Luncheon on Salisbury Plain During Last Week's "War"

With their ladies, the Commanders of the opposing forces, Major-General Franklin, of the Red Army, and Major-General Bethune, of the Blue Army, with the umpire, Sir Ian Hamilton, who has so highly praised the operations, held a pleasant picnic-party on Salisbury Plain

A Débutante of the Season

Photo *Lallie Charles*

MISS MILLICENT JAMES

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willie James. Mrs. James, clever and popular, is one of the best amateur actresses of the day, her acting always being a feature of the Chatsworth theatricals before the Duke of Devonshire's death

"Sir Bronco Buster, Bart."

while Lord Macclesfield, who in the merry month of May became twenty years old, might be described as a bright and good-looking boy. His grandmother, Lady Macclesfield, is the only surviving bridesmaid, save Lady Congleton, of Queen Victoria, and is

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Sir Genille Cave-Browne-Cave

"The cowboy baronet," who, after a varied life in the Army, the Navy, Burmah, China, and a long experience on the ranches and prairies of the Wild West, is now settling down with an American wife at the family seat, Stretton Hall, Leicester

so entertaining an old lady that Lady Dorothy Nevill herself cannot surpass her in pointing a moral or adorning—yes, adorning—a tale.

* * *

"Sir Bronco Buster, Bart."

The thought of the retirement of Sir Genille Cave-Browne-Cave from the rôle of cowboy to that of a quiet county gentleman at the family seat at Stretton Hall, Leicester, is quite a depressing one. There are too few of these picturesque figures in the world for us to be able to afford to lose any of them. Sir Genille began his career in the Army, changed to the Navy, and then led an adventurous life in Burmah, China, South America, and finally as a cow-puncher in the Wild West. He returned to this country when he came into the title a little while back, but is, at the moment, in the States, whence he will shortly bring his bride, an American girl.

* * *

An Historic Home: Cotehele House

Since 1861 the fourth Earl of Mount Edgcumbe has reigned over two of the most delightful estates in England—Mount Edgcumbe and Cotehele. He and the Countess have always been greatly interested in all sides of life in the delectable Duchy. A few weeks ago the Earl presented new colours to the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, one of the smartest regiments of the line, and the name of his house will be found connected with almost as many interesting events to-day as in the historic past. The beauties of Cornwall are becoming more and more appreciated every year, and the fact that a single house has reigned there continually since the fourteenth century lends an especial interest to the character of this estate.

* * *

Back to Edward III.

It was Hilaria, the daughter of William de Cotehele, of the parish of Calstock, Cornwall, who brought this estate to the Edgcumbes when she married the second son of that house in the reign of Edward III. This lady's great-grandson is said to have built the greater part of the present fine old mansion, which still retains a thousand associations with the past. There is a King Charles's Room and a Queen Anne's Room hung with tapestry and furnished with fine original pieces of furniture and objects of *vertu*—each room supplying sufficient material for a volume in itself.

* * *

Antique Treasures

Many of the rooms and much of the furniture remain almost in the state in which they were in three hundred years ago. The Mount Edgcumbes are one of the few English families to whom the student and lover of old furniture owes continual thanks. At Cotehele all the household god have been preserved in their original state from the period of Henry VII. even unto our own day. The house is one of the finest examples of domestic mediæval architecture in England. It resembles Haddon Hall in Derbyshire, but has been added to and changed from time to time, thus bearing the pleasing stamp of many generations. In ancient Cornish, "Coit" is the word for wood, and "hel" that for river, and thus the wood by the river gives its name to Cotehele House.

Lord of a Lordly House

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF MOUNT EDGCUMBE AT COTEHELE, CORNWALL

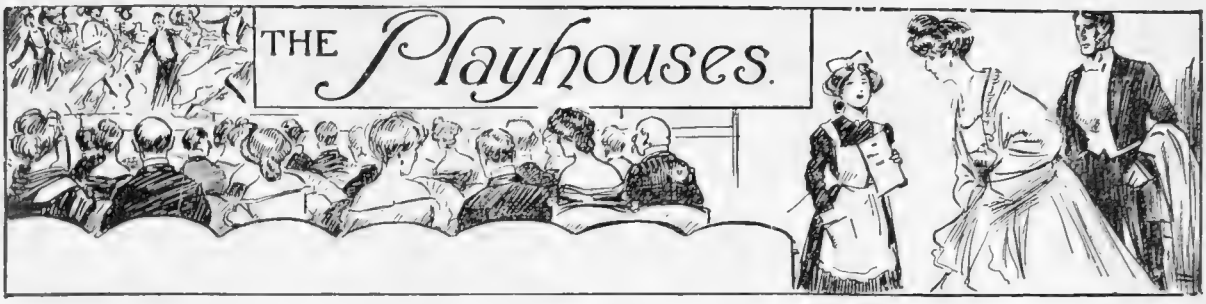
Photo AN INTERESTING GROUP AT THE FINE MAIN DOORWAY [*Leonard Willoughby*

The Earl and Countess of Mount Edgcumbe with a favourite dog, Pepper, at the doorway of their mediæval home, which came to the family about the year 1353, when Hilaria of Cotehele married an Edgcumbe of Edgcumbe. Cotehele House is one of the finest examples of mediæval domestic architecture in the country, and a place of many interesting memories, as well as a treasure-house of beautiful things. The Earl is Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Cornwall. (Other illustrations on pages 389-392)

Photo *Miss E. Best*

A HAUNT OF MYSTERY AND LEGEND: COMPTON WYNYATES, THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON'S FINE OLD WARWICKSHIRE SEAT

Many a legend centres round Compton Wynyates, situated near Edgehill, for it was a stronghold of the Royalists during the Civil War, though the country around was Parliamentarian in its sympathies. It abounds in secret passages and hiding places, as messengers were constantly received here, and meetings, always liable to interruption, frequently held. One room in particular is shown which has six or seven means of exit, and on the house changing hands some years after these troublous times, the skeleton of a man was found at the foot of a secret staircase, behind a panel which led to a small chamber, whence the unfortunate creature had fled for safety, and had there been starved to death. In the centre of one of the towers also is a shaft down to the moat which flows under the house on two sides, by means of which one could drop quietly into a boat and slip away when opportunity offered. The house is now the property of the Marquis of Northampton, who may be looked upon as the successor of the great Lord Shaftesbury for his interest in child-life and philanthropy generally, and it may be considered to be in recognition of his services to such causes that he was recently created a Knight of the Garter by his Majesty.



By EGAN MEW

Adelphi Gaiety

The Girls of Gottenberg, unlike most light musical pieces, has improved with keeping. The present edition is as lively and irresponsible as could well be wished on a summer's night. One does not trouble, of course, about the story, why Max Moddelkopf came to Gottenberg, or the reason for a sudden change here and there of costume and a song and dance. After all, the "musical comedy" has settled down as a variety show, in which clever comedians, assisted by a dozen or so writers and composers and producers, do their best to entertain in a light-hearted spirit. Accepted in this fashion, Mr. Lawrence Grossmith as Prince Otto, Mr. Payne as Max, and all the pretty ladies and agile gentlemen who form an excellent company, "present" a gay and cheering performance. Of course, Mr. Payne's original performance is much as of yore—if anything funnier and freer—but Mr. Lawrence Grossmith is new to London as Otto, and a more delightful prince of stageland has never appeared. His dancing has a courtly grace of its own, and his admirable style sheds a light of gaiety and refinement over the whole show. But the new Mitzi is the great reviver of *The Girls of Gottenberg*.

Happy Fanny

Is it not generally rather bad policy to label people in the advertisements with some very agreeable quality? Was it not Dan Leno who arrived in New York to find the city plastered with his name and the "Greatest Thing on Earth" after it, and discovered, in the twinkling of an eye, that the Americans did not like him? In the old music-hall days I sometimes thought that Miss Fields was happy at our expense, and not very amusing. But at the Adelphi, on the first night of this revival, her title was fully justified, for she played her part with lightness, tact, and skill, sang admirably, and danced to perfection. In a song and dance with Mr. Grossmith, both Otto and Mitzi made a considerable hit, and Miss Fields' rendering of Mr. Lionel Monckton's quaint song about "Mr. Schnieder" brought her plenty of applause. This production is only intended to run for two weeks at the Adelphi, and then to take the road. With so admirable a company it is sure of success on tour.

Empirics

Trained animals on the stage are anathema, of course. But just as one is absolutely convinced on that point a pack of lively fox-terriers appears at the Empire in their amusing game of football, and shows so much gaiety and enjoyment in getting goals—sometimes the wrong ones—that it becomes a question whether the dogs are not entitled to their fun. Successful as are these footballers, I hope the Empire will continue to play lightly, as in the past, on "animal turns." With so delightful a programme—Adeline Genée, the dramatic *After the Opera*, and the excellent pictures—even the terriers are almost a superfluity.

Operas in English

The season at the Lyric promises to be a very pleasant one to those who love their operas in English. Monday, the 17th, gave Madame Fanny Moody and Mr. Charles Manners in *Lohengrin*; Tuesday, *Faust*, with Madame Kate Anderson and an excellent company; Wednesday, to-day, a matinée of *Il Trovatore*, with Madames De Vere Sapio and Mary Norton, Messrs. Carter and William Dever; this evening the delightful *Butterfly*, with Madame Moody. After these the week closes with *Aïda*, *Tannhäuser*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and *Pagliacci*, so that one may go to almost each performance and not hear the same opera twice.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

From African to English Tour: Miss Decima Moore and her husband, Capt. F. G. Guggisburg, C.M.G.

After having lately returned from a pleasure tour in West Africa, where this photograph was taken—and in connection with services in which region her husband has just been created C.M.G.—Miss Decima Moore is now touring in this country

The Coming Return of Mr. Forbes-Robertson

New Projects and Old Parts

Now is the period when the energetic presenter, manufacturer, and producer of plays confides the secrets of his future to the Press. Among the latest confidences is an interesting one from Mr. Seymour Hicks, who is all the above things and an admirable actor and artist as well. He proposes to produce and play in *The Hampton Club* in the coming season. It is a good many years since Robert Louis Stevenson wrote "The Suicide Club," but it did not occur to anyone that there was a play in his Poe-like story until the Grand Guignol took it in hand. Mr. Hicks is to play the part of the indiscreet journalist, I believe, and that he will make it live is pretty certain. It is a welcome departure on the part of this versatile actor, but the thrill of *The Hampton Club* is rather painful, and the admirers of the actor-manager-playwright will look forward to seeing him in some of the other eight parts in new and old plays which he has been preparing for himself. For example, there is a new comedy for Miss Terriss and Mr. Hicks by Mr. Michael Morton and M. Paul Gavault, there is the *Dollar Princess*, there is talk of *Richard III.*, and there is Mrs. Frankau's *The Heart of a Child*, with parts for Mr. and Mrs. Hicks—an engaging future.

Photo *Johnstone O'Shannessy*

A Notable Accompanist: Mr. Arthur E. Godfrey

Who has recently returned from Australia, where he has acted as accompanist to Mme. Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford. He began his musical career as a choir boy at St. Paul's, and after winning many prizes became a sub-professor at the Royal Academy of Music. He is at present organist at St. Andrew's, Frognal

A Goodly Company

The Passing of the Third Floor Back does not appear a very happy title for Mr. Jerome's new play. Possibly he and Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson may have hit on something a little less lengthy before they arrive at the St. James's on September 1. The popular actor-manager is evidently not intending to rely upon his star, or stars, for he will have one of the strongest companies—I think the strongest—in London to support him and his wife. This includes such clever people as Mr. Edward Sass, Mr. Marsh Allen, Mr. Ian Robertson, Mr. Ernest Hendrie, and Mesdames Kate Bishop, Agnes Thomas, Haidée Wright, Miss Crawford, and others.

Photos *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Gertrude Elliott and Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who will be seen in Mr. Jerome's new play at the St. James's Theatre on September 1

A particularly strong cast has been chosen by Mr. Forbes-Robertson for Mr. Jerome's new but somewhat clumsily titled play, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, with which he will open his season at the St. James's Theatre on the first day of next month. To Miss Elliott will fall the rôle of a housemaid

"The Explorer" on the Thames

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MR. LEWIS WALLER AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER PUNTING

"The Explorer" retired at the end of last month from the Lyric, and is now doing a little quiet exploring of his own on the Thames before starting rehearsals of Mr. Justin Huntly M'Carthy's version of "The Duke's Motto," which he is producing shortly

In Borrowed Plumes!

Another "Lady Frederick"

Not content with having held a half-dozen London theatres in fee, Mr. Somerset Maugham's comedy is spreading in all directions over the country. Last week we had a portrait of Miss Mabel Love in the part on tour, and now Mrs. Brown-Potter has also taken the road—with Mr. Percy Hutchison—as that delightful Irish lady who only uses her native accent when she stoops to other people's folly and finds, though late, that men do not always betray. One heard that Mrs. Potter was gracefully retiring from the stage, and about to devote her talents to obtaining votes for women and that sort of thing, but it is to be hoped that, after all, she has adopted a subtler course, and decided to fascinate all the men on and off the stage as Lady Frederick, and thus earn the wider enfranchisement for her party. EGAN MEW.

In Borrowed Plumes

That music seems to flourish particularly well in the Antipodes is common knowledge. Not only is it the home, for instance, of Mme. Melba and Miss Ada Crossley, but our singers are always greeted there with particular enthusiasm, a fact which has again been exemplified by Mr. and Mrs. Kennerley Rumford's triumphant tour, from which they have recently returned. In this connection it is interesting to see the photographs of Mme. Clara Butt and her husband in native Maori dress, though to get the full effect the pictures should be reproduced in colour, for the costumes are composed of the brilliant plumage of birds, and are most striking in appearance. I wonder, by the way, if they have brought them home with them, and if we shall be allowed to see them in these borrowed plumes.

Mme. Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford in Maori Costume

While on their enormously successful Australian tour, from which they recently returned, Madame Clara Butt and her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, were photographed in native Maori dress. The costume is made almost entirely of the feathers of various birds, and as the colouring is exceedingly brilliant, the effects of the costume are bright and striking in the extreme

An Ideal Accompanist

Apropos the Rumfords, also, we are glad to be able to give a photograph of Mr. Arthur E. Godfrey, A.R.A.M., who accompanied them on their Australian tour in both senses of the word. The son of Lieut. Charles Godfrey, bandmaster of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), and nephew of the better-known Lieut. Dan Godfrey, he began his musical career as a chorister in St. Paul's Cathedral, and even when he was only eleven years old one of his compositions was sung at a Cathedral service. Four years later he entered the Royal Academy of Music, where he gained many prizes for both composition and accompanying, and it was at the R.A.M. that he subsequently became sub-professor of Harmony and Composition, also acting generally as accompanist. He, however, is also far from being unknown among the playhouses, for he has written a good deal of incidental music, his best known being that to *Little Miss Nobody*, which ran for six months at the Lyric. At present he is organist at St. Andrew's, Frognal.

Melo-est-drama

If you are condemned to spend the dog-days in Town have you ever thought of relieving your tedium by going to a real transpontine melodrama of the Melville school, such as that illustrated on the opposite page. Don't go, however, as a Philistine to scoff, but take it seriously—as seriously as the gallery—and it will amaze you how absorbed you will get, and the excellent tonic effect on your mind. H. P.

The Latest Melo-(ville)-Drama

AN EFFICACIOUS ANTIDOTE TO DOG-DAY BOREDOM

The heroine overhears two of the several villains of the piece hatching a plot in "the stirring melodrama, *Married to the Wrong Man, or the Dumb Witness*, presented for the first time on any stage at the Elephant and Castle Theatre" on August Bank Holiday last

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

How the Heroine Adopts Sicilian Methods in the Latest Melville Melodrama, "Married to the Wrong Man"

One cannot complain of the dulness of the theatre season in August when a new play by those masters of thrills, Messrs. Walter and Frederick Melville, has just been produced. "Situations" crowd one upon the other without intermission, and the *blasé* playgoer, condemned to spend August in town, could experience no more exhilarating tonic. This week at Brighton, the piece will next week be at Clapham

Mountain Climbing by Wire

THE NEW AERIAL "ROPEWAY" UP THE WETTERHORN

A TRIAL TRIP ON THE NEW WETTERHORN "ROPEWAY": THE CARS PASSING EACH OTHER IN MID-AIR

If mountain climbing by railway is ever justifiable, then the latest experiment up the Wetterhorn deserves the closest attention, for it to a great extent avoids the disfigurement of natural beauties which are usually spoilt in the construction of the general type of mountain railway. This venture, which is about to be thrown open to the public, is, as a matter of fact, a "ropeway" rather than a "railway," as the photographs on this and the opposite page show, the cars running on steel wire ropes, from which they are suspended. Note the magnificent panorama obtainable during the journey

CONTINENTAL CHAT

King and Kaiser

The King has often met his nephew at Cronberg, and it is quite a familiar sight for Homburg *habitués* to see the King and Kaiser taking drives in the neighbourhood. Schloss Friedrichshof was built some twenty years ago, and was the favourite summer residence of the late Empress Frederick. Cronberg is a special Sunday resort of the Frankforters, and quite a large colony of artists live there, attracted by its picturesque surroundings. Four years ago, when the King passed through Frankfort on his way back from Marienbad without alighting, though his nephew was staying at Cronberg, all kinds of wild speculations were indulged in to account for what was regarded as a slight to the Emperor! However, time has changed most of that sort of thing, and if King Edward and the Kaiser cannot yet meet without a vast deal of political conjecture, one is entitled to think, when they do meet, that it is with the intention of leaving things a little better than they found them. This time they have apparently really succeeded.

The Upper Terminus of the New Wetterhorn Railway at Enge (Altitude 1,677 metres)

Note the ascending car and the pullies on which it works

* * *

Deauville

Of recent years Deauville has become more and more fashionable, its amusements, unlike those of its sister health resort, Trouville, being almost entirely confined to sport. This is probably the reason why Deauville is considered so healthy. Polo, golf, tennis, horse riding, racing, and bathing keep the visitor in the open air

Conquering the Wetterhorn: A General View from Grindelwald, Showing (A) the Opened and (B) the Proposed Course of the New Ropeway

The first line (marked "A") shows the course of the new ropeway from the Upper Glacier (1,257 metres) to the station at Enge (1,677 metres), a photograph of which is given above. The line "B" shows the projected section of the ropeway, which will be proceeded with if the first part proves successful, having as its destination the Gleckstеinhotel, at an altitude of 2,338 metres

A New Portrait of the Sultan

morning, noon, and night, for even dinner takes place in the open air. It is still the custom to talk of Trouville and Deauville as if they were inseparable, but I know many persons at present staying in Deauville for a season who have neither time nor inclination to visit Trouville. Besides, the amusements of the latter no longer please the visitors to the former. They are tired of receptions and theatres and "five-o'clocks." They will have sport, and nothing but sport, and as many of the "ultra-select" community have their own cars and horses, the races are naturally doubly interesting. Both Houlgate and Trouville are jealous of Deauville's recent social success. The municipality of Trouville is spending large sums of money to give particularly attractive fêtes at the Casino and elsewhere, but Trouville is not Deauville, and Deauville, which owes its existence to a caprice of the Duc de Morny—whose statue, by the way, I see replaced by a fountain—is likely for some time to come to be patronised by the *élite* of French Society.

* * *

Some Deauville Personalities

Mme. Henri de Rothschild, who is staying at "La Ferme en Coteau" is very much *en evidence*, and is a particularly keen sportswoman. I don't know if any of the five magnificent horses she recently bought in London are to run at the Deauville races. The Comte de Marois is living at his own châlet. Until the death of his son-in-law, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt was occupying "La Chaumière"; possibly his widowed daughter, who has already made a long stay at Deauville, may be persuaded to return. Mr. Stephen Sands and Miss May Sands have also been Mr. Vanderbilt's guests. Miss May Sands's engagement, I am told, will shortly be announced. Baron Gustav de Rothschild, who is staying at "Villa Elisabeth," divides his interests between tennis and horse-racing. His Fairy Queen this year has done remarkably well. Among other persons staying in Deauville are Lady Paget, Mme. Legrand, the happy possessor of many cars, M. Santos-Dumont, Mme. Réjane, Princess Polignac, the Marquis de Pracomtal, who enjoys the friendship of King Edward, Viscountess Kersaint, a member of the old Fauberg St. Germain set, who under no conditions will allow her portrait to be published in a paper, Sir Edward Sassoon, the Marquis de Thun, whose speeches at the Académie are considered *chefs d'œuvres*, Prince Radziwill, the Comte de Gramont, and Mme. Letellier, the star of Parisian Society.

A Crayon Portrait of Abdul Hamid

Erstwhile tyrant, now "Father of his People." The extraordinary revolution is going on famously, and, at present, everybody is congratulating everybody else on the coming era of Ottoman liberty. Moslems, Jews, Christians, Armenians, Bulgarians, are fraternising, and animosities are for the moment put aside. But the next move is the Sultan's, for the elections are still to take place, and what sort of a Parliament they will give Turkey remains to be seen

Photo *Lafayette*

The Duchess of Guise

Who is now the happy mother of a son as well as of two daughters. She is the younger sister of Princess Louise of Orleans, who was last year married to Prince Charles of Bourbon at Wood Norton

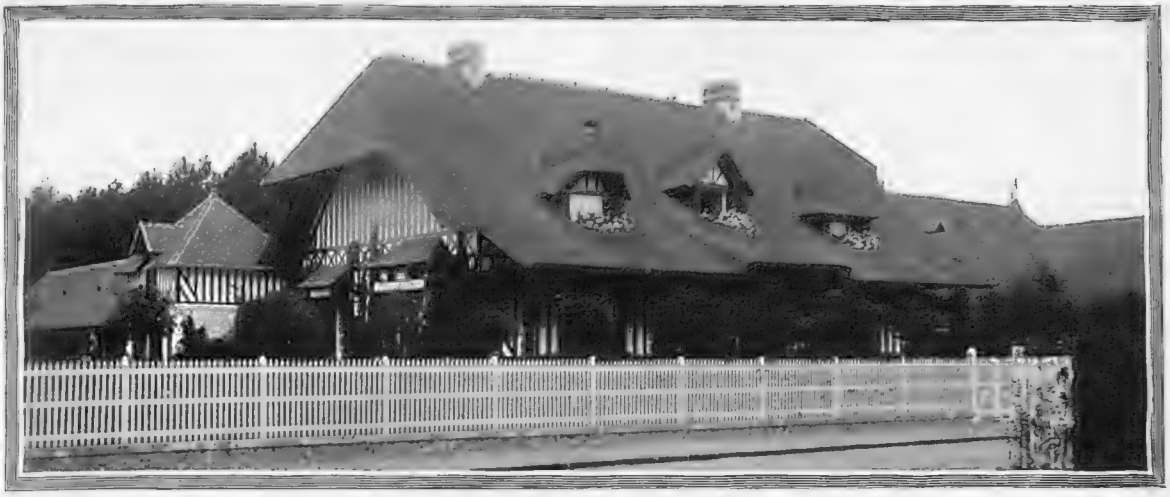
* * *

The Duchess of Guise

The Duke and Duchess of Guise, the birth of whose son and heir has just given rise to considerable rejoicing in the family, are, of course, cousin and sister of Princess Louise of Orleans, whose marriage to Prince Charles of Bourbon at Wood Norton last year took place with such pomp and circumstance that it could hardly have been more splendid if the Duke of Orleans had been really King of France. The marriage of the Duke of Guise to the prettiest of the daughters of the Comtesse de Paris was a very quiet family affair, as will be remembered, at the church of St. Raphael, Kingston-on-Thames. The Duchess's two other children are both girls, the Princesses Isabelle and Françoise, so that the birth of a son is a particularly happy event. So very British in their tastes are the Duke and Duchess that they are quite as English as the English—if not more so. The Duke is a captain in the Danish army.

English Architecture for French Country Houses

SOME HOMES OF THE WEALTHY AT FASHIONABLE DEAUVILLE



"La Chaumière," where Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt Entertains

The Villa Elisabeth, occupied by Baron Gustav de Rothschild

The Châlet of the Comte de Marois

[Photos] "La Ferme en Coteau," where Mme. Henri de Rothschild is Staying [Paris

The influence of English architecture on the style of the latest French country houses is strikingly exemplified at Deauville, the sister health resort of Trouville. The latter, however, has become somewhat jealous of Deauville's recent social success. Deauville's amusements are almost entirely confined to polo, tennis, golf, horse-riding, racing, bathing, and entertaining at the various beautiful houses. Some of these are quite English in character, and would satisfy the taste of the Kaiser himself, who has recently been holding up English architecture as an example to be followed

Random Jottings

As usual, the people who think holidays a mistake have begun to air their views in the papers. Surely these critics must know by this time that there is the one unanswerable argument in favour of holidays. Briefly put, it is this. If no Londoners went away and left their houses empty, what would the poor burglars do?

* * *

"Uganda"—according to the *Daily Telegraph*—"has now been added to the list of tourist resorts." We understand that there are some fine stretches of sand in this African Riviera, and the performances by the different "nigger" troupes are frequent and amusing. Those who dislike mixed bathing (with crocodiles) should take an india-rubber bath with them. Very handy for sandwiches.

* * *

By the way, everybody does not drink Perrier water in Uganda.

* * *

French photographers are still unable to understand why Mr. Wilbur Wright should have objected to their presence after he had expressly stated that he wished to fly *in camera*.

* * *

It is interesting to note that "the latest luxury for the motorist is a flower-vase made of silver-gilt and crystal, mounted in such a manner that it can be hung inside the automobile without any fear of the water being upset." So refreshing after doing repairs under the car for an hour or so to come up and sniff the roses in one's flower-vase.

The flower-vase suggests other possibilities, too—*e.g.*:

FAIR MOTORIST (*to applicant for post of chauffeur*): "You can drive, of course, and do repairs?"
CHAUFFEUR: "Yes, miss."
F.M.: "And arrange the flowers?"
CHAUFFEUR: "Yes, miss. I like to use white ones myself. In cases of accidents, you can soothe susceptibilities by making 'em into a wreath on the spot."

* * *

Speaking at Bothal last week, the Duke of Portland said that "if a war broke out, we should, for lack of horses, find ourselves in a very shaky state." Some Yeomen, however, consider that it is the presence of horses that would give them that shaky feeling.

* * *

The Woeful Aeroplanist

(*Mr. Henry Farman is reported to have found that there is no gate-money for "fliers" in the States. The crowds preferred to wait outside.*)

Alas! for us there is no "gate." What though
Our courage and our speed and our fatigue match
Aught that the best of footballers can show—
We get no "bobs" like those who run a League match.

'Tis not that crowds to watch us are unwilling,
Thousands for hours and hours have often stopped on—
But stopped outside—where, richer by a shilling,
They saw as well—and did not risk being dropped on!

Well for the world that we have lofty souls,
Or else, no matter how the winds importune,
We'd give up rivalling birds—and, studying moles,
We'd build a subterrene—and make a fortune.

* * *

The view is now generally held that unless employers will give their men extra holidays so that they can put in a fortnight in camp instead of a week, the Territorial Army scheme will break down. It seems curious—but true—that a "one-week army" is also a too-weak army.

* * *

The latest and most popular sport in France is the racing of submersibles against submarines. Spectators, presumably, go down in diving-bells to watch the results, but it must be difficult to cheer the winner properly under these circumstances. And if one has backed the loser, only to be able to make a bubble!

* * *

As a result of the declaration of Constitutional Government in Turkey several minor officials are said to have committed suicide. This action seems to indicate a needlessly pessimistic view of what a Constitution means. They might have been very happy on a Board of Guardians.

GUILE

VILLAGE AGNOSTIC: "The noo pa'son that's comin' 'ave B.A. after 'is name. Wot's that?"
SHOEMAKER: "Bachelor o' sum'at, I believe."
V. A.: "Aye, there's yer pa'sons all over. After a wench 'ere, and 'im the fayther o' twelve up to 'is last parish!"

By HOPE READ

Cotehele House, Cornwall, one of the Historic Homes of England

The Western Tower: In which Kings and Queens of the past have slept

The tower contains the bedroom of King Charles, which is decorated with tapestry and original furniture. The room Queen Anne used is also in this tower. It contains beautiful needlework on walls and bed. Lord Mount Edgcumbe now uses this part of the house for his own bedroom

Photos *Leonard Willoughby*

The East Front of the House

Showing the fine mullioned windows and the pleasant terraces and steps. The charm of early English domestic architecture is well exemplified in this façade of Cotehele

AN HISTORI

COTEHELE HOUSE: THE FIVE CENTU MOUNT E

Queen Anne's Bedroom in the Western Tower

The actual four-poster of seventeenth-century work is of goodly size, but as the photograph shows the whole of the room, her Majesty was not over-housed on her visit. What was lacking in space, however, was made up in the beauty of the tapestries

The Quadrangle, showing th

This inner court shows the outside of the old dining hall (below o (above

Photos

The Front Entrance

Showing, across the quadrangle, another view of the doorway into the great hall, which appears, with Lord and Lady Mount Edgcumbe, in the illustration on page 377

The Fine Great Hall, which has Rema

The armour on the walls has been there many hundreds of years. This consists of helm halberts, pikes, gisarmes, spears, and swords, all of which have

C HERITAGE

URIES OLD CORNISH HOME OF THE GCUMBES

Chapel Window in Centre

ight) and the ..artments of the Countess of Mount Edgcumbe right)

Old Oak and Weapons in the Great Hall

In the centre is a fine example, dated 1627, without fear of forgery, of the chair table. The back is made to fold down over the arms. The chair on left is a typical specimen of sixteenth-century work, the other, with medallion, has a suggestion of the Restoration about its spiral legs, which are probably seventeenth century

Untouched Throughout the Centuries

breast-plates, warders' horns, gauntlets, matchlocks, cross-bows, shields, battleaxes, ...ed by the Mount Edgcumbes or their people in the heroic days

Leonard Wallaugh

"Above the Salt": The High Table

This table and the chair and benches formed the seats of the mighty in the old days. Those who sat at meat at the other dining boards were "below the salt." The leather jug is of the period of the table, say, fifteenth century

Two Interiors at Cotehele House

Lady Mount Edgcumbe's Bedroom

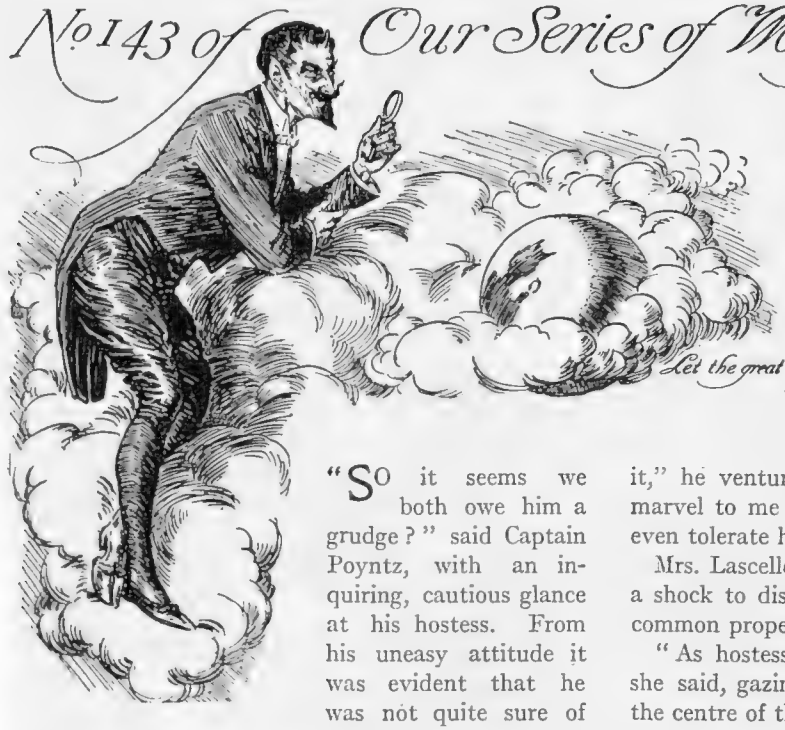
An historic room, furnished with seventeenth-century pieces and perfect antique tapestries. The bed and arm-chair and silver mirror are of Stuart fashion. The stool is of the style used in the corridors of Kensington Palace by Queen Anne. In the foreground are a table and chair of the eighteenth century

Photos *Leonard Willoughby*

The Old ante-room to the Dining Hall, now a Bedroom, with the curious Stone Stairway leading into it

The chair in centre and the oak chest against the wall are very early pieces, such as were frequently used for ecclesiastical purposes. Another piece shows the cabriole walnut leg of the William and Mary period and the forms associated with late eighteenth-century designs. The tapestries are splendidly preserved

No. 143 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The Cup in Benjamin's Sack

By HERBERT L. VAHEY

(Author of "The Samaritan," "John Belton's Gratitude," "The Gap," "The Censor," etc., etc.)

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

"So it seems we both owe him a grudge?" said Captain Poyntz, with an inquiring, cautious glance at his hostess. From his uneasy attitude it was evident that he was not quite sure of his ground; he knew that Mrs. Lascelles was smarting under the lash of unrequited love, and it was this knowledge which he wished to use; but to impress the point too far upon a sensitive woman was dangerous, and, in his particular case, fatal to the project he had in hand. He smiled a little to disarm her suspicions, and to show his sympathy. Then he waited.

Mrs. Lascelles nodded; she was too proud to discuss openly her injury, or display the wound to any sympathiser who came along. She hated condolence, and would not have permitted further reference to the subject had she not seen that a temporary alliance with the Captain would increase her chances of obtaining revenge. By playing a little into his hands she would secure his aid in bringing Cowley to his knees. It was, she admitted to herself, an uncongenial, nauseous compact, but her wounded vanity cried aloud for salve.

"Cowley has behaved like anything but a gentleman," she said, slowly. "That is all I have to say." She averted her head quickly, but her companion saw the curled lip and frowning brows, and felt safe.

"I am not surprised," he murmured, twisting the ring on his finger thoughtlessly. "Cowley is contemptible!"

"As he is my guest," continued Mrs. Lascelles, smiling bitterly, "I cannot send him away."

"Of course not," interposed Poyntz, "that would amount to an open declaration of your annoyance. But—well, I wish we could give the cad a lesson."

Man of the world as he was, Poyntz knew that the only way to proceed with a woman of Mrs. Lascelles's temperament was to simulate a full knowledge of her trouble, and to draw from her gradually—using the utmost tact—the actual story. He guessed rightly that, womanlike, she longed for a confidant, and, given a proper opportunity, she would embrace it.

It was a situation requiring nice handling. To press her unduly was to invite repulse.

"I don't wonder that you feel uncomfortable about it," he ventured, keeping to generalities. "It's a marvel to me that you can speak to him civilly, or even tolerate his presence."

Mrs. Lascelles started a little. It was something of a shock to discover that her secret was more or less common property.

"As hostess I cannot act as I otherwise would," she said, gazing intently at the splashing fountain in the centre of the conservatory. "I am surprised that he does not feel himself very much *de trop*."

Captain Poyntz watched her narrowly; he noted with satisfaction that his random shot had struck near the mark, and that his companion had taken his knowledge of the affair for granted. Full disclosure could now not be far off, but he must in some measure account for the possession of the facts.

"I can scarcely expect you to believe it, but Cowley has behaved even more abominably than you think. He related the whole affair to us in the billiard-room half an hour ago! Shocking taste—absolutely barbaric! He appears to look upon it somewhat in the light of a triumph. I don't say he actually boasted about it, but he showed considerable mirth in the relation."

"What!" almost screamed Mrs. Lascelles. "You don't mean that he is discussing this affair openly in my house—to my guests!"

Captain Poyntz smiled grimly, and intentionally refrained from giving a direct answer.

Mrs. Lascelles covered her burning cheeks with her handkerchief and wept audibly.

"I am afraid I have been very indiscreet," he said, after a pause. "I ought to have avoided so painful a subject. But I assure you I was prompted by the very best motives. You see, it enables you to take some steps to prevent it going farther. I'm afraid I haven't anything to suggest—no actual remedy, I mean—but——"

"You were quite right to tell me," was all Mrs. Lascelles could say. "Quite right."

She had quickly regained her self-possession, and stood with flaming cheeks and set features opposite the Captain. Beneath the now calm exterior he could see the internal fires of hatred consuming her. The knowledge that she herself had contributed in no small degree to Cowley's derisive abandonment; that by an awkward miscalculation she had exceeded the limits of prudence, and had exposed the contents of her hand to a man who had not suspected that hearts were the

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strong suit, who had so emphatically shown his disinclination to continue the game, and had even abused a confidence she had unwittingly reposed in him—all wounded her deeply. She writhed under the stinging blow.

With the trained intuition of a man who has studied woman intimately, Captain Poyntz saw that his hostess was ripe for revenge, and he lost no time in laying a plan before her.

"We might combine to give him a lesson," he suggested tentatively. "I don't think we need be overtender in our treatment. He has behaved like a cad—an absolute cad!"

Mrs. Lascelles sat down beside him again; she was trembling a little, which Poyntz took as an excellent symptom. If she were cool-headed she might be inclined to treat the whole affair with silent contempt; still smarting, he felt, she would jump at the prospect of getting even with Cowley.

"What can one do?" she asked simply. "Revenge in these days is limited to snubbing people and taking their names off one's visiting list."

The Captain laughed mirthlessly.

"Yes," he said, drily, "the days of the poison cup and the dagger are unfortunately past. But there still remain ways of bringing the offender against social laws to justice. If we could succeed in getting his name removed from other people's visiting lists as well, I think we might be satisfied. A popular man suddenly made a pariah feels his position rather acutely, I should imagine."

Mrs. Lascelles bit her lip to check a growing smile.

"I'm afraid it's a vain hope," she replied. "Cowley is undeniably a favourite."

Poyntz let his eyes wander over the tessellated floor; then he raised them slowly to her face. He noticed the eager interest there, her lips framing a hard, almost cruel smile. She looked like a beautiful savage.

"You remember how he admired Mrs. Desterre's necklet the other night—the aqua-marine one?"

"Yes—why?"

"You do not know, perhaps, that he is hard up."

"No—but—surely you don't mean that——"

"Could it not be found in his luggage?" asked Poyntz, avoiding his hostess's eyes.

Mrs. Lascelles gasped, clenched her hands, hesitated.

The rustle of a silken skirt, the sound of a soft footfall passing behind the palms at their back, caused them to turn suddenly. As they did so, the figure of a girl clad in white passed swiftly through the heavy curtains screening the door of the drawing-room. Mrs. Lascelles turned a white face to the Captain, who muttered something beneath his breath.

"Laura Fenmore!" ejaculated Mrs. Lascelles, recovering her speech. "Do you think she heard, or was her exit accidentally apropos?"

"I don't think she could have heard," returned the Captain, pulling his moustache nervously; "we were speaking in such low tones."

"You know, I suppose, that she is Cowley's latest *inamorata*?" sneered his companion.

"Yes," answered Poyntz, baldly.

Mrs. Lascelles moved away a couple of paces, laughing viciously.

"Hopeless creature," she said. "Positively insipid."

"*Chacun à son goût*," he rejoined. "She is quite good enough for Cowley."

Mrs. Lascelles faced about, shrugging her shoulders.

"Of course, if she did hear," she said, rather wearily, "Cowley will know all, and——"

"I don't think it possible," interrupted the Captain. "No doubt she heard the voices, but I don't believe she could have caught what we said. I fancy that she would not have risked detection by remaining so long. No one likes to be discovered eavesdropping."

"You think we are safe, then?"

"Yes, quite. How do you like the idea?"

"Of making him a thief?" asked Mrs. Lascelles. "He deserves no consideration."

"None."

"How are we to set about it," she asked, a little uncomfortably. "Will you, or will I——"

"I'm afraid you must," broke in the Captain smiling. "Convention does not permit me to enter a lady's room—even to abstract a necklace for so good a purpose."

Mrs. Lascelles snapped her fingers defiantly.

"I will do it," she said bitterly. "And when they are missed I will organise and lead a search party. I can make it a sort of social feature—a systematic search from room to room. It will be amusing and popular. You see, we cannot have the police interfering."

Captain Poyntz smiled indulgently, and took out his cigarette-case.

"Quite a novel form of entertainment," he said, holding the lighted match in his hand and gazing intently at his hostess. "I suppose we can't introduce it too soon."

"To-night," replied Mrs. Lascelles, compressing her lips firmly, "if I can manage it."

They rose and moved to the door, where she left him and went upstairs.

. . . . . .

The discovery that Mrs. Desterre had lost her necklet caused considerable commotion that night. As in all such cases, there was an element of mystery about its disappearance. Mrs. Desterre was positive that she had not left it exposed on her dressing-table more than five minutes, and none of the servants had been near the room. She assured her hostess and the little group of interested people who crowded round and asked irrelevant questions that she had merely crossed the corridor to Miss Fenmore's room to borrow some hairpins, and returned to find it gone. No one had been seen in the corridor, and no one had heard any noise such as might have been caused by a hasty entrance and exit. The servants, on being questioned, were certain that no stranger had entered the house. There seemed to be no clue. As a matter of course, someone suggested that an explanation was to be found in the old "open-window-and-magpie" story, but, unfortunately, no magpies had ever been seen in the neighbourhood. The only fact that was really established was that the necklet had gone.

"Oh, it's sure to be in the house," said Mrs. Lascelles, reassuringly. "In all probability it has fallen down behind something. I suppose you are positive that you *did* lay it upon the table?"

"Positive," returned Mrs. Desterre, a little annoyed.

"One sometimes thinks one has done things, you know," persisted the hostess. "I know I often do."

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On the Tumbling Lynn

Photo *Bolak*

A GLIMPSE OF BEAUTIFUL LYNMOUTH

It was of Lynmouth that Southey said, "The finest spot, except Cintra and Arrabida, I ever saw," and the present generation has no need to revise the poet's eulogy of this gem of Devon scenery, for though it is easily accessible by the South Western Railway via Barnstaple, and has been brought thoroughly up to date as regards accommodation for visitors, the improvements have been so carefully carried out that the natural charm and beauty of the spot have been in no wise interfered with

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"Why not let us make a systematic search?" suggested Captain Poyntz. "Let us go through the whole house from cellar to attic. It will be a sort of hidden treasure hunt. We will not call in the police to laugh at us when it is found under our noses."

"That's an excellent idea," said Mrs. Lascelles. "By going through the house room by room we are bound to solve the mystery. We'll begin in your room, Katie; you don't mind?"

"Not in the least," replied Mrs. Desterre, smiling wanly; "but I'm afraid it will prove fruitless."

The little party, chattering and theorising in the wake of their hostess, filed out of the dining-room into the large hall and up the wide stairway just as Ashton Cowley strolled in from the garden. He had been to the village for some tobacco, and had met Laura Fenmore on the high road some little distance from the house. In a few words she explained the situation. Cowley laughed outright; the thought of Mrs. Lascelles's plan of revenge was irresistibly droll. Without hesitation he entered the house, passing unobserved through the drawing-room, by way of the kitchen and back stairs he threaded his way through unfamiliar corridors, and reached his room. A hasty search revealed the missing necklet in his portmanteau. Pocketing it he hurried back as he had come, just escaping, at a turn of the landing, the eager search-party. Standing in the main hall he allowed a few moments to elapse, and then marched boldly up the wide staircase and arrived in the corridor in the rear o the searchers. They were just entering Harry Mason's room as Cowley crossed rapidly and passed into Mrs. Lascelles's room. With a hasty glance round to assure himself that he was alone, he tip-toed to the dressing-table. There was not much time to select a suitable place in which to reconceal the glittering necklet, at any moment a servant or even Mrs. Lascelles herself might enter and discover him. Catching sight of an oblong leather box he opened it, slipped the jewels in, closed the lid, and stole cautiously back. Before the party had finished their investigations in Harry Mason's room, he was smoking quietly in the cool conservatory.

The search continued. Almost the last room the explorers visited was Cowley's. Mrs. Lascelles glanced blankly at Captain Poyntz as the portmanteau was opened, without result. Her bewilderment grew as one by one his luggage was examined, but no trace of the missing necklet could be found. Her suspicion immediately fell on Laura Fenmore—but as Laura had been out all the afternoon it was obviously impossible to connect her with the miscarriage of the plan. Cowley, she felt sure, could have no hand in it, for he, too, had gone to the village and had only just returned—at the moment he was just coming up the drive. It was all very mysterious.

Baffled, she turned to her followers with an uneasy smile.

"It really does seem to be gone," she said, with a gesture of upturned palms. "It is most extraordinary and annoying. You see we have searched every room!"

"No, no," laughed George Mason, good-humouredly, "we haven't been to yours yet. More than likely it's there. We can't let you off."

A roar of boisterous mirth greeted this, and Mason, encouraged, added: "We must be thorough, you know. We've all disclosed our toilet secrets and inoffensive little skeletons. We must have complete satisfaction."

Mrs. Lascelles tried to smile. She had nothing to fear, she assured herself—still, well, she felt a little uneasy—perhaps—no, she was positive that she had put it in his bag. She grew dizzy with uncertainty; as it was not where she had placed it, there was no knowing where it might be. Yet she could not refuse to let them search the room.

"Come along, then," she said, feigning a good-humoured indifference, "I didn't want everybody to know I wore false hair, but since it must be—it must be."

The party turned back along the corridor.

"There," she said, stopping opposite the door, "I sacrifice myself."

Among the first things to receive attention was the little leather box. It was Mason who opened it, and, following the rules of that ancient game "Hide the Thimble," he closed it again and made for a chair.

"Hot or cold?" asked Enid Wayner, entering into the spirit of the thing.

"Mrs. Colliston is the hottest," he replied, laughing.

Mrs. Lascelles started violently. Mason jumped up and opened the box.

"Here it is!" he called, holding it at arm's length.

Mrs. Lascelles half-turned and laid her hand on Captain Poyntz's arm.

"Hurrah!" cried Poyntz. "I knew we should find it. A ripping game! What on earth made you think of it?"

He glanced over his shoulder at Mrs. Lascelles.

"What a surprise for us all. 'Pon my soul, I never suspected it was a joke!"

Mrs. Lascelles smiled feebly and crossed to Mrs. Desterre.

"My dear," she began, "I do hope you will forgive me—I thought it would be a little sensation—we were getting so bored. You didn't really think it was lost, did you?"

Mrs. Desterre took her hostess's hand and slapped it playfully.

"Well, I confess I was rather—well, rather afraid," she said. "You did it so well—it really seemed as if you thought someone had taken it!"

"That was part of the game, of course," replied Mrs. Lascelles, recovering herself, and playing up to the Captain's lead. "If I had done it half-heartedly you would all have seen through it, and it would have fallen horribly flat."

She led the way to the stairs as she spoke. Half way up they met Cowley; he was smiling pleasantly, and seemed in the best of spirits.

"What's this I hear," he questioned, addressing his hostess. "Sensational burglary—lady's valuable necklet stolen! Whose was it?"

"Mine," said Mrs. Desterre, holding up the glittering stones.

"What! The one I admired so much the other night? I hope you didn't suspect me—I'm very hard up just now?"

A burst of laughter followed his speech.

"It's found, I see," he added.

"Yes," cried Mason, pointing an accusing finger at Mrs. Lascelles. "There is the thief. Behold her—unblushing, unrepentant. I only hope we can keep it out of the papers. Just fancy how a headline like this

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The Opening of the Stag-Hunting Season

Photo *Sport and General*

A MEET OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS ON THE HILLSIDE AT CLOUTSHAM

The first meet of the Devon and Somerset is the occasion for an immense gathering from all parts of Devon, for, despite the outcry regarding the alleged cruelty and non-sporting aspect of stag-hunting, there are few signs that its popularity is abating

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would look: 'Country House Sensation: Well-known hostess found purloining jewels.' Think of it!"

"And she did it so well," interposed Mrs. Desterre. "I really thought——"

"Indeed," murmured Cowley, keeping his eyes fixed on Mrs. Lascelles. "And so you prepared this nice little 'anti-bore' to fill up the evening? I congratulate you; it seems to have been particularly successful. I'm only sorry I missed the fun."

Mrs. Lascelles bit her lip, and averted her head. "We are all tired of cards, and one must do something," she answered tactfully.

In the hall the little group split up, talking and laughing over the incidents of the search. Mrs. Lascelles, as soon as she could, sought Captain Poyntz. He was in the garden, smoking reflectively.

"What on earth happened?" she cried, clutching at his arm. "Thank heaven, you saved the situation!"

The Captain looked down at her tenderly before replying.

"Evidently Laura Fenmore heard," he said, letting his fingers close on her hand, "and——"

"Yes, but how did Cowley get to his room unseen?"

"My dear Lillah—ask me an easier one. I haven't a notion."

"What shall we do? He can't stay here now?"

"I don't think he intends to—I have just heard that he is engaged to the Fenmore girl, and he is off to-morrow by the first train."

"What about the girl?"

"Oh, she's off too."

"Thank heaven!" murmured Mrs. Lascelles. "I hate her!"

"Well," began Poyntz, after a pause. "I hope it is all for the best. He refused you, and she refused me. Come, Lillah, we can do better than that."

He leaned over as he spoke and kissed her.

HERBERT L. VAHEY.

GOOD SPORT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

A Fine Afternoon's Catch on Oak Bay, Victoria, B.C.

Great are the attractions for sportsmen of British Columbia, the Riviera of Canada, as it is becoming, which has recently figured somewhat prominently in the public eye in connection with the exclusion of Hindoos and Japanese. Within easy reach of Victoria, its up-to-date and go-ahead social capital, is one of the best-stocked hunting and fishing grounds in the Dominion, where excellent sport of all kinds is easily obtainable

Making Their Own Seaside

HOLIDAY SCENES IN THE LONDON PARKS

Izaak Waltons in the Making in St. James's Park

The Scene on Clapham "Beach!"

Photos

Paddling Delights on Clapham Common

Sympathetic as all must needs be to the efforts of those beneficent agencies which provide country holidays for
important sphere of activity is the improvement of the children's conditions of life in town, and in few w
efficaciously done than by the development of our public parks. The miniature "seasides" now to be found in
most welcome sign of the times, the latest addition being one provided by the Corporation in Finsbury Squa
Here not merely for a few days, but throughout the summer, can the pleasures of the beach and sea be indulged
to health of mind as well as body which it would be difficult rightly to estimate